

Page 12

to the Hill



London, 18th of the Year 1810

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A 3

POEM

57

TO HIS

GRACE

THE

DUKE

OF

Cherchill

MARLBOROUGH,

ON THE

Glorious Successes

OF THE LAST

CAMPAIGN.

By Mr Gery of C.C.C. Oxon.

----- *Hic populus sapiens & justus in uno,
Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo.*

Hor.

Printed in the Year MDCCV.

POPE

TO HIS

GRACE

DUKE

MARQUESS



Cottons, Successes

OF THE EAST

CAMPBELL

His poorness fabricer of virtue in man,
To nobler duties, to genius and endeavor.

Hor.

Printed in the Year MDCCV.

A
P O E M
T O H I S
G R A C E
T H E
DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

O THOU renown'd in War, whose Godlike Deeds
No *Brittish* Youth without a Rapture reads!
Who dost create a Genius, and inspire
Each Breast unhallow'd with *Apollo's* Fire!
O Wise in Counsel! O in Action Bold!
What Numbers shall to future Times unfold
Thy various Worth? What Muse sustain a Flight
Sublime enough to reach Thy wond'rous Height?

By Thee th' *Imperial* Seat, with impious Hands
Of Rebel-Subjects shook, supported stands;
What time Thy vengeful Arm, like that of *Jove*,
The fierce *Bavarian* with swift Tempest drove

A

Down

Down from affected Empire, (his Design
So near atchiev'd,) and hurl'd beyond the *Rhine*.

Savoy by Thee erects his drooping Head,
With Hopes of Succour from Thy Conquests fed :
Does less at Home the Blows of Fortune feel,
With *Bleinheim* comforting his lost *Vercueil*.

Beyond the *Bætis*, to th' extreamest Ends
Of *Spain*, the moment of Thy Arms extends.
To fresh Attempts the *Austrian* Friends awoke
Of shaking from their Necks the *Bourbon* Yoke :
While *France*, exhausted by that Sea of Blood,
Which from her gaping Veins at *Hocsted* flow'd,
Her Fountain at an Ebb, with lower Tide
And feebler Streams the distant Parts supply'd.

Well may, *My Lord*, such glorious Acts demand
In Fame's most lasting Books enroll'd to stand :

Your Labours of no private Import are,
But different Nations in their Bounty share :
Each mighty Stroke You round about You deal,
Both Friends and Foes in distant Regions feel
With various Apprehensions ; those no less
Your great Atchievements raise, than these depress.
To whom, of all that *Brittish* Air have breath'd,
Has Nature such a scanty Soul bequeath'd,
That does not with a gen'rous Ardour burn,
From You the Rudiments of War to learn?

Under

Under Your Banners to display his Worth,
 And draw the latent Seeds of Vertue forth;
 You with a penetrating Eye discern'd
 The Point whereon the War's Decision turn'd;
 And, griev'd to think Your Forces fought in vain,
 While others lose what You in Battle gain;
 While *France* with foreign Ills herself repay'd
 For all the Load You on her Shoulders laid;
 To th' *Empire* turning Your victorious Sword,
 You with a Blow their tott'ring State restor'd.
 As when in Bodies gross and corpulent
 Some Sore affords the vicious Humours vent;
 Rallying their Forces from each Quarter, lo,
 They thither all with mighty Confluence flow:
 But if some pow'rful *Æsculapius* rise,
 Who to the Wound with Skilful Hand applies
 Timely Relief, the hostile Rout retreat,
 And their late Track and dang'rous Haunt forget.
 So to that Breach the watchful *Gauls* had found,
 Where rushing in they might th' *Alliance* wound,
 Your mighty Buckler You with Speed oppos'd,
 And, beating out the Foe, the Passage clos'd.

See, to the *Danube* how the *Brittish* Force,
 O'er vast Extents of Land, direct their Course;

With large and hafty Steps advancing! See,
 How all the injur'd Nations round from Thee
 Await their Rescue; of Thy conqu'ring Hand
 Their Freedom and invaded Rights demand!
 And now *Bavaria*, who so late appear'd
 Fondly secure, with the Arrival cheer'd
 Of *Gallick* Aid; who forthwith from the *Rhine*
 Did to *Hungaria* stretch his fancy'd Line,
 And in Conceit the Two Rebellions join;
 He that of Conquests and of Triumphs dream'd,
 And circled with the Rays of Empire seem'd,
 O'th' suddain doubts th' Event, foregoes his near
 Effected hopes of Rule, and learns to fear.
 Mean time their toilsom March with eager haste,
 Thro' Paths before by *Brittish* Steps untrac'd,
 (Where a strange Sun with unaccustom'd Light
 Visits the Day, and other Stars the Night,)
 Thy Troops pursue; till with his setting Rays
Phæbus at length the neighb'ring Foe displays.
 High on a Hill encamp'd their Legions lie;
 Trenches and Batt'ries strongly fortify
 The proud Ascent, and all Access deny:
 But Nature, nor the Strength of Art, avails
 For their Defence, when CHURCHIL's Arm affails.
 Up to the Mound with an undaunted Pace
 The firm Battalions move; each Warriour's Face

Cloath'd

Cloath'd with new Terror at each Step appears,
 And Marks of desp'rate Resolution wears:
 Through Clouds of Smoak, and over Hills of Slain
 That mangled lie, and cover all the Plain,
 They move, on Thoughts of cruel Vengeance bent;
 Nor at the Voice of dying Groans relent
 Their Pace, nor, forc'd b' encountring Armies back,
 Return less furious to the dire Attack:
 Till pressing with resistless Rage, at last
 They broke the Files, and o'er the Ramparts past.

O how the mighty *Leopold* reviv'd,
 When to his Ear the joyful News arriv'd
 Decisive of his Doom, and blest the Day
 That in his Hand confirm'd th' *Imperial* Sway!
 Thy matchless Conduct he aloud extols,
 Thee his Deliv'rer, Thee his Saviour calls:
 Longs in his List of Princes Thee to place,
 And with thy Name th' illustrious Title grace.
 Thus *now* transported, to Thy *future* Praise
 What Monuments, what Trophies will he raise,
 When this bright Day, th' admiring World shall own,
 But as the Prelude to a brighter shone?
 See how the gallant *Eugene* hasts, with Thine
 His Counsels to unite, and Troops to join!
 O noble Pair, in Spirits near ally'd,
 And closer yet in Bands of Friendship ty'd!

What can extravagant or vain appear
 For Us to hope, or for our Foes to fear,
 While bravely You 'gainst the joint Pow'rs of *France*,
 And of *Bavaria*, hand in hand advance?

When now the hostile Camp appear'd in View,
 And either Wing their Troops to Battle drew,
 Calm and serene the dang'rous Task You weigh'd:
 Much does the Foe's superior Force dissuade
 From the bold Conflict; much the Moory Ground,
 Which kind to them, on Your Adventure frown'd.
 But tho' the pow'rful Obstacles you meet
 Do sound to your Attempt a *loud Retreat*;
 Louder that Heat which in Your Bosom glows,
 And with strong Impulse bears You on Your Foes;
 Louder those gallant *Brittish* Troops You lead,
 (Joy of the *Empire*, and of *France* the Dread,)
 Oft in extreamest Dangers try'd, and found
 As oft invincible, to *Battle* found.

And now determin'd, thro' each Rank You ride,
 And to Your Men the bloody Toils divide.
 With Burthens of the mightiest Bulk, too large
 For vulgar Shoulders, You the *English* charge.
 Then *Cressy's* Plains, and *Agincourt*, and all
 Their ancient Brav'ry to their Minds recall.

What

What gen'rous Rage their Breast contains, what ere
 Of Thunder in their furious Arm they bear,
 These You conjure them for this fatal Hour
 To summon up, and on their Foes to pour.

Their Courage thus inflam'd to noblest Height,
 They with Impatience for the Signal wait:
 Then rushing to the Fight, th' imbowel'd Air
 With Shouts of Men, and Roar of Cannon tear.
 Right on the Foe You, like a Whirlwind, drive,
 And soon amidst their troubled Ranks arrive.
 Where-e're You press, unable to controul
 Your wond'rous Rage, in Heaps the Squadrons roll:
 Rout and Confusion speedy Entrance find;
 Terror before You runs, and Ruin stalks behind.

While thus the bloody Field You range at large,
 Disorder following still where-e're You charge,
Tallard with Grief the wide Destruction views,
 And hast'ning with fresh Troops the Fight renews.
 And now the late repuls'd by Turns repels:
 When, lo, Your Breast with Indignation swells,
 Scorning to find fresh Obstacles appear
 T' arrest and check You in the full Carriere
 Of Victory. Then who so dar'd to gaze,
 Might see Your Eyes with dreadful Lightning blaze,

And gloomy Night fit on Your Brow : to all
 The *Brittish* Sons of *Mars* aloud You call,
 Exhorting to the Fight ; while on the Foe
 Your self with unresist'd Rage You throw.
 With such assur'd and resolute Pace You rode,
 None the fierce Charge opposing, save a God,
 Could have sustain'd. As when a jutting Rock,
 Which on some Mountain's Head long stood the Shock
 Of blust'ring Winds, torn from its Seat at last,
 Rolls smoothly down with less impetuous Haste :
 If some, rough Prominence by chance oppose
 Its farther Progress, it outrageous grows,
 Bounding along, and with redoubled Force
 Down the steep way precipitates its Course.
 By Opposition thus incens'd the more,
 Headlong upon the hostile Ranks You bore,
 Too feeble to resist ; with speed they fly,
 No Threats their Stay can force, nor Promise buy,
 Nor Pray'rs perswade ; the pressing Fears behind
 With a more pow'rful Voice assault their Mind.
 O'er Horses, Men, and scatter'd Arms You ride,
 Still hurrying on the Chace, till *Ister*, dy'd
 By Streams of hostile Blood, with friendly Waves
 The plunging Rout from farther Vengeance saves.

O Thou at length with such a Blaze reveal'd !
 Why did Thy Vertue lie thus long conceal'd ?

Why

Why such a Prodigy of Worth remain
 Before unprov'd, and lent by Heav'n in vain?
 But as a Stream pent in, with greater Force
 And more impetuous Waves resumes its Course:
 With-held from shining, now our dazled Sight
 Thy Rays opprefs with overpow'ring Light.
 Not *Cæsar*, when the great Atchievements wrought,
 And half the Globe under Subjection brought
 By *Philip's* Godlike Son, with Tears he read;
 (Sore griev'd to think that They, whose fatal Thread
 The Destinies to equal length had spun,
 Had not one common Race of Glory run;)
 Was by ſuch Thoughts to nobler Actions led,
 Or did with larger Steps the Path to Honour tread.
 With ſuch amazing Speed Your Conqueſts fly,
 They with the *Roman* Eagles dare to vie:
 And have Your Title to that boaſt renew'd,
I came, I ſaw, and having ſeen ſubdu'd.
 Thoſe whom, before Your wond'rous Deeds they ſaw,
 No force of Rhet'rick could to Battle draw,
 Unwifely cautious, now Your Conduct bleſs,
 And from the great, unparallel'd Succeſs,
 Which crown'd Your Summer's Toils, conclude aright
 They loſt a Triumph, when they ſhun'd a Fight.
 Ah! why, diſtruſtful of conſummate Skill,
 Shou'd they diſpute what You were pleas'd to will?

C Slips,

Slips, undiscern'd by less sagacious Eyes,
 Your piercing Judgment with a Glance descries:
 And knows as well by dire Effects to make
 The smarting Foe repent each flight Mistake.
 How did commanding Reason, in the Heat
 Of raging Battle, still maintain its Seat?
 Like Lightning, in the midst of Thunder, bright,
 No Hurry could confound its Native Light.
 By Rage not blinded, nor by Prudence cool'd,
 You spur'd the Sluggish, and the Rash You rul'd:
 In Tumult no tumultuous Thoughts express;
 But, breathing Vengeance, still Your self possesst.
 Thus in a noble Bard, whose ev'ry Line
 Does with apparent Inspiration shine,
 Fancy and Judgment, native Cold and Heat,
 Those two so rarely joyn'd Extreams, do meet.
 O, would the Muse the twofold Gift impart,
 To write with Fury, but correct with Art,
 While in advent'rous Strains I trie to sing,
 Thy glorious Deeds to either Pole shou'd ring.

Thou Thunderbolt of War, whose dreaded Launce
 Prop of the Empire is, and Scourge of *France*!
 Alike unfoil'd in Thy Attempts, to form
 The ling'ring Siege, or suddain Camps to storm!
 Thee the Celestial Pow'rs did sure ordain
 To bless the new-born Age, and brighten ANNA's Reign.
 For

For ANNA Heaven does all its Blessings store,
 Repaying what She thither lent before:
 Her offer'd Tenth's for our Success provide,
 And bribe each Heav'nly Influence to our Side.
 Hence while Thy glitt'ring Bands the East pursue,
 And routed Troops the way to Conquest shew;
 With happy Omens Rook our Navy guides,
 And on *Iberian* Seas triumphant rides.
 In vain does *Gallia*, with accustom'd Pride,
 Strive her Disgrace by haughty Vaunts to hide;
 Faction in vain, with canker'd Teeth contend
 The Laurels from the Victor's Brows to rend;
 These he shall wear, and in the *French* Defeat
 Shall triumph still, in spite of Envy Great.
 Let *Gibraltar*, whose bulwark'd Tow'rs in vain
 The Foe's so long beleagu'ring Troops detain,
 (Now hopeless of Success,) at length advise
 The mighty Purchase of his Sword to prize:
 A Purchase, which they loudly speak their Pain
 For having lost, by fierce Desires to gain.

Permit, *My Lord*, the grateful Muse to leave
 (Amidst the Wreaths we for Your Temples weave)
 This Tribute to Desert; and spare a Line,
 That sacred is to other Praise than Thine.
 Thy Glory shines with a Meridian Ray,
 Which from no neighb'ring Light admits Allay:

Struck with Astonishment, in ev'ry Deed
 Of Thine the Heroe, or the God, we read.
 Nor think, unfavour'd of the Pow'rs above,
 Thou didst from Place to Place Thy Standards move,
 At ev'ry Step Victorious; or the Aid
 Of warring Angels from Thy Motions stray'd.
 For tho' each Part unerring Wisdom guide,
 Yet Fate at last will o'er the whole preside:
 Some unforeseen Events may still combine
 To change the Scene, and dash the wise Design.
 Troops tho' You lead into the dusty Field
 Fearless of Danger, and untaught to yield;
 And Your avenging Arm uplifted shew,
 Chance may step in, and disappoint the Blow.
 But ANNA with prevailing Rhet'rick prays,
 And veering Conquest on Your Banners stays:
 Courage to act, and Prudence to contrive,
 From Her a more than Humane Force derive.
 Thrice happy *Albion*, did thy Sons but know
 To prize aright that Gift the Heav'ns bestow;
 Pleas'd the sure Blessings of this Reign to have,
 Nor idly after future Scepters rave!
 Thrice happy ANNE, with such a Heroe blest,
 To set the long-contending World at rest;
 To curb Ambition, and Her purpos'd Will
 Of Love or Hate to neighb'ring Pow'rs fulfil!

Now

Now shall *Britannia* rear her awful Head
 High 'midst her Sister States, and kindly shed
 Her cheering Influence on the Realms below :
 From her Decrees each Prince his Doom shall know ;
 While, stern to proud Oppressors, in the Cause
 Of injur'd Right her vengeful Sword She draws.
 O if, possesst with the *Cumæan* Rage,
 Our Mind aright of future Years presage ;
 Behold *Saturnian* Days, that in the Womb
 Of teeming Fate, and Ages yet to come,
 Long brooding lay ; those happy Days behold,
 So oft to earlier Reigns in vain foretold,
 Now hast'ning to the Birth ! when Time with Youthful (Pace
 Shall start afresh to his appointed Race ;
 With a new Sun the Face of Nature shine,
 And to the Golden Age our Heav'n refine.
 Then Wars shall cease, and Piety return,
 And Faith and Right the jarring Nations learn.
 Thou by Thy Conquests, Mighty Chief, prepare
 The Way, and usher in the glorious Year.
 That Arm, which, at the Branches aim'd before,
 Two * Brothers from the *French* Assistance tore,
 Again advance, and with Thy fatal Blade
 The monstrous Body next, and naked Trunk invade.

* *Bavaria*
and *Cologne*.

F I N I S.